

THE QUEEN WHO PRETENDED TO BE A MAN



AN actress by the most studious and artistic makeup may pass herself off undetected on a stage as a man for a night or two; a Mme. Valangin, by the most ingenious padding, directed by a close mouthed old French army tailor, may pass as a man, and a Rosa Bonheur may in male attire, with her masculine features, wander through slaughter houses and public stables, without betraying her sex to any but an expert occasionally; but an old Egyptian queen, a perfect little feminine beauty at that, carried on the rôle of a king for thirty-five years unchallenged. The full story has just been unearthed by archaeologists.

Queen Hatshepsut, who lived 1500 years before Christ, daughter of Thothmes I. of the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt, was this royal actress, and no more clever little creature ever graced the throne of any country. She was crowned king of upper and lower Egypt at the age of 24, and she announced herself king and comforted herself as such to the day of her death, in her sixteenth year.

Many a woman of a later day, opening up a new career to her sex, has longed to make a similar claim, and even more so far as to assume the masculine dress. But none, like this old queen, paying the way for women rulers on the throne, have actually pretended to be a real man. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Amelia Bloomer, and Elizabeth Smith Miller, agitating reform movements in this country, assumed a cross between male and female attire, but never so far as to assume the masculine dress. Eleanor of Aquitaine, queen of Louis VII. of France, and later of Henry II. of England, wore the garb of a crusader and followed her husband to the east, where she conducted herself most ingenuously—but never for a minute did she pretend to be a real man. Etheldreda, daughter of Alfred, and wife of Ethelred, king of the West Saxons, wore masculine dress and assumed the attitude of a brother to her husband, and yet without claiming that she was a real man. But Hatshepsut repeatedly declared she was a man, and it seemed the one end and aim of her existence to live up to her character.

Statues Show Her Beauty.

She wore the masculine dress, appearing on all occasions in a short plaited divided skirt scarcely coming to her knees, a tight fitting cap or crown and beard, a necklace, girdle, and lion's tail. In her feminine mold she presented a picture strangely in contrast to most of our preconceived ideas of the woman who would be a man.

How oddly out of keeping with that character her real self must have been is shown by the recent discovery of a beautiful large alabaster head of hers just unearthed with other statues in the temple of Ammon Thebes by George Le Grain, antiquarian of Karnak. This, undoubtedly, the most exact representation ever given to the world of her, hasn't a dash of the wild visaged Louise Michel, the woman reformer of half a century ago, or the business or professional woman of our day who affects mannishness in dress and bearing; but rather presents to us a saintly woman, with features of the spiritualist cast, suggesting, indeed, the Joan of Arc type, only with that steadfast nervousness which made it possible for her to carry on her life farce to the end. Women rulers were not in favor in those days, and her only hope of wearing the crown lay in her power to assume the rôle of a king, and wear the crown she would. Accordingly, when her dotting old father brought her out in kindly regalia for two priests to crown in the presence of a multitude of stern old nobles, so realistic was her impersonation of "his majesty," and so convincing the magnetic force of her presence, that in spite of prevalent prejudices against women rulers in those days, there was not a single rebellious murmur when the red and white crowns of upper and lower Egypt were placed upon her head. Indeed, the nobles rose in a body and danced and made merry.

Marries Her Half Brother.

Later, for political reasons, she was married off to her half brother, Thothmes II., and gave him a place beside her on the throne. The slight incongruity of a double masculine union was completely overcome by the simple announcement that her double was a king, and that in that entity she would always appear before her people, a proclamation which, being perfectly consistent with the religious beliefs

of her time, silenced her subjects forever on the point of her real identity or her questionable rights to rule.

Later history has thoroughly demonstrated that women rulers may carry out as vast enterprises as men, but Hatshepsut, in pretending to be a man, was the first to demonstrate this fact to the ancient world. She had scarcely grasped the reins of power before she set about some of the most prodigious building enterprises ever undertaken in any country and she continued her activities with real manlike energy to the end of her reign.

She built one of the greatest temples of Egypt, now in ruins at Der el Bahri, erected two of the greatest obelisks, one of which is now standing at Karnak, having been quarried and finished in the most astonishing period of seven months; carried on works at the Delta, rebuilt and refitted temples all over Egypt, opened up the way for her people to Punt, the divine land, whose resources later supplied the treasures of the Pharaohs and Phoenicians, worked old mines, opened up new ones, established potteries and glass manufactories, made frequent tours of her realm, and planned all the campaigns and buildings attributed to her husband. There was nothing puny, narrow, or inadequate in anything she did, her works to this day speaking of a superb intellectual force not inferior to that of a Pharaoh or Ramesses.

Acts Part of Man Perfectly.

Insistent on impressing her subjects with her real masculine identity, her life was that of an actress from beginning to end. A Charlotte Cushman as Romeo or a Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet never entered into the real character of a man as did this Egyptian queen. She could take a manish stride, if necessary, which would do justice to the modern acrobat. In fact, in this attitude she is pictured on the walls of her temple at Der el Bahri. She could walk straight forward and direct as any man, without any womanish, mincing steps. Best of all, she could look her lord chancellor, Sumner, or her keeper of the palace, Lazetrenpitu, both of whom were exceedingly fond of her—steadily in the eye with that direct, piercing glance which would strike terror to any heart.

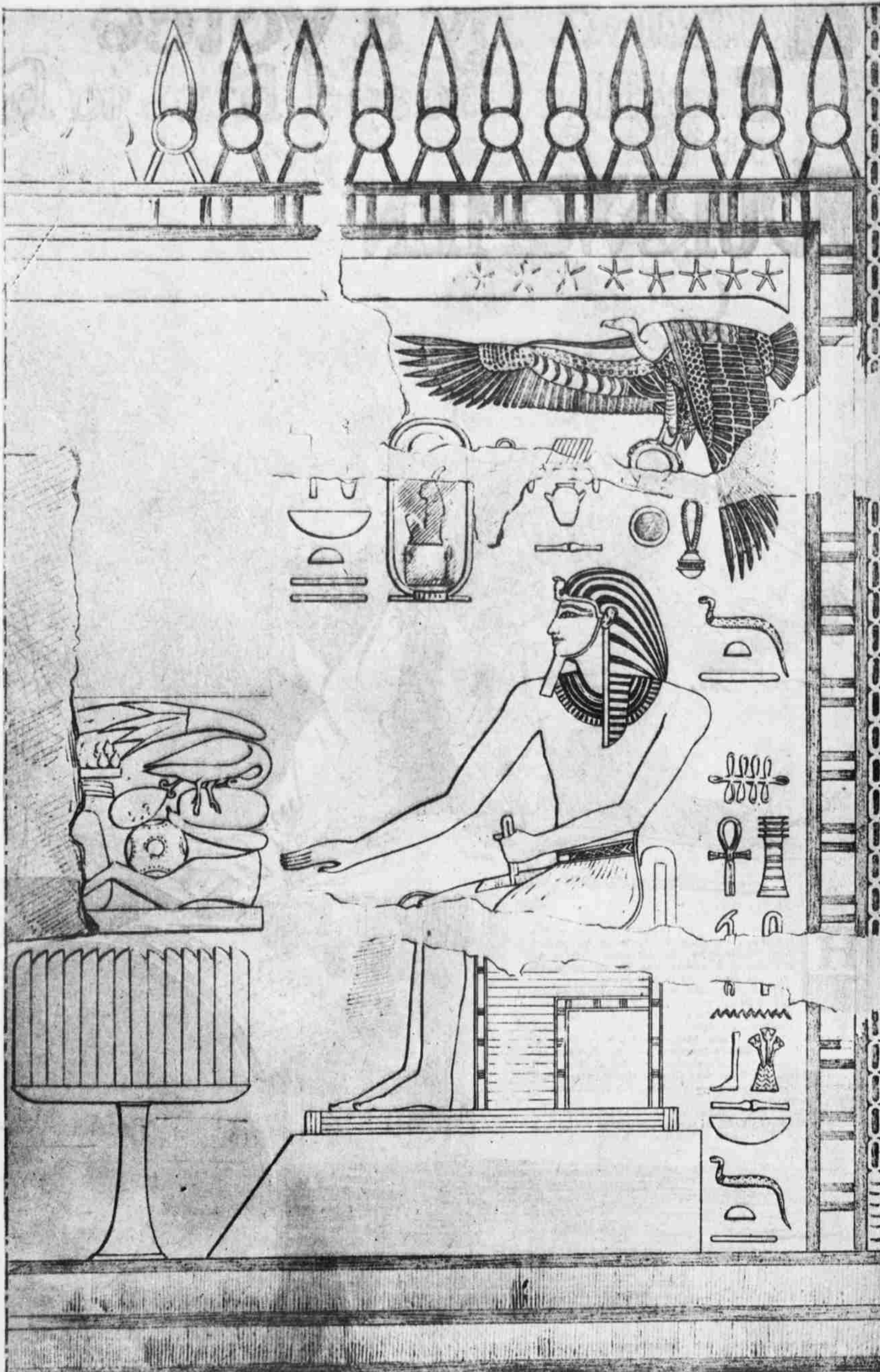
Unlike later queens of her country and queens the world over, she was forced in her assumed character to repel every acknowledgment of her enchanting femininity. There were no arch glances directed to suppliant courtiers, no buoyant, glittering, innocent little speeches, no indiscretions to be censured, in fact, no coquettishness of any kind. For relaxation she must engage in manish exercise or go off to her sacred cattle farm and make pets of her favorite cows.

Ocasional, for variety's sake, she could rise to the character of a god or goddess, and impress her people with still greater awe of her, but never for once could she descend to the rôle of an ordinary queen. Such a life never before or since has been acted or heard of.

Always Insisted She Was a Man.

The power she acquired in this character is something marvelous to contemplate. It was more than absolute. She not only out of the heads of soldiers, smote insubordinate tribes, made herself master of dissenting nobles, exacted tribute from people, took prisoners by the thousands and set them at work upon temples and landed estates, but she actually held on to the reins of power for years after her natural rights as a queen had expired. Upon the death of her husband, Thothmes III., her nephew, became the natural successor, and though then only a child of 9 years old, long before her death he attained his full majority, but not the power to which he was entitled. As a king she could supersede him, in no other character; and as a king she did supersede him to the day of her death, when he was past 30 years old.

So insistent was she of her assumed character that she insisted upon it in the minutest details. All formal documents and addresses were made to her in the name of "his majesty." All inscriptions of her were signed in the name of "his majesty." All representations of her on the temple walls and everywhere else must be those of her masculine self. Wandering through the ruins of her old temples the traveler is startled with the frequency with which she looms up before him, offering incense to some god, a loaf of bread, vases of water, or an altar itself, but everywhere in that eccentric character of a man. In fact, so absolutely has she insisted to the world that she was a man, one is almost forced to surmise she believed her own assertion.



Strange Stories from Monte Carlo.

TALES OF LOVE, MONEY AND MYSTERY

"The most popular method of distributing wealth is the method of the roulette table."
"The roulette table pays nobody except him that keeps it."
"Nevertheless, a passion for gaming is common, though a passion for keeping roulette tables is scarce."
BERNARD SHAW.

THERE is no place on earth where so many hundreds of thousands of people gather in the course of a year with the sole object of making money without earning it as at Monte Carlo. Little wonder, then, that most of the anecdotes which cluster round the gamblers' paradise on the Italian coast are more or less connected with the central idea of filthy lucre. In the old days when a Genoese noble owned Monaco, the plateau on which the Casino now stands was called, colloquially, "The Plain of the Robbers." Pirate vessels used to sail out thence and levy toll on all ships which ventured too close to the shore. The spot is still a plain of robbers, moreover, it is still the property of a robber, and not the inhabitant. Nevertheless, it is invariably the passerby who fondly imagines that he is going to come off best, and quit M. Blanc's territory richer than he entered it. Few have succeeded in this laudable resolve. "Mr. White," though deceased some time since, is as cute as ever. The proverb applies just as truly in the year of grace 1935 as it did when Mr. White was fired out of Hamburg and pluckily reinforced himself by the Mediterranean more firmly than ever: "Black loses, red loses; it is white which always gains."

The Casino, sharp as it is, has not always come off best in its endless duel with the smartest and most unscrupulous brains in Europe. M. Blanc's successors have learned various lessons by paying for them, more or less heavily. If they are unassailable today it is because their weak points have all been discovered and exploited by rogues in the past. Such a trifling detail, for instance, as the lighting of the gaming rooms tells its story.

Big Haul Made by Turning Off Lights.

Some years ago a gang of thieves contrived to get at the gas meter, and at a prearranged moment the light was turned off. For a few minutes the scene—or absence of scene—was indescribable. With one accord, every one grabbed the loose money on the tables, and in the confusion an immense proportion of it disappeared into the pockets of persons whose reputation might have been supposed to be blameless. Gas, as an illuminant, is no longer employed in M. Blanc's costly pleasure house. Electric light has taken its place. But inasmuch as the switches might conceivably be tampered with, enormous oil lamps, each with half a dozen separate burners, are suspended over every roulette table and trente-et-quarante board. To extinguish every lamp in the apartment simultaneously would be impossible. Like most of the Monte Carlo swindles, this one, once performed, can never be repeated.

Another fact the administration has learned by bitter experience, is that money—hard coin and notes—is a better

medium of play than chips. When M. Blanc first inaugurated the Monte Carlo rooms he made it a rule that chips representing certain sums should be used at the tables for the sake of ease in reckoning. The player had to buy these chips at a bureau when he entered, and could redeem them when he departed. But, in practice, he did not always redeem them, for if he proposed to return next day it was hardly worth while. By this means the chips gradually filtered into circulation outside the Casino and were eventually accepted by shopkeepers throughout Monaco as readily as cash. After a few years M. Blanc decided to recall all his chips, of which there were now many thousands of dollars' worth in circulation.

Ring in Bogus Chips.

The result of his announcement was startling. Twenty or thirty times the number of chips which had been issued were returned. M. Blanc was given some food for thought upon the subject of the astuteness of his friends, the humble Monégasques. He was a philosopher, however, and could afford to buy his knowledge. He smiled sadly and honored every one of the chips at its face value. But chips have never been used again and never will be.

The famous "roll" joke also dates from M. Blanc's day, and for obvious reasons will never occur again. It was customary at that time to do up twenty \$10 gold pieces in a roll of paper, sealed at the end. Each roll, as it was called, was thus worth \$200, and as it was sealed with the administrator's seal, it was taken to represent that stake, if placed on the table. An ingenious American perceived that here lay a new in the gaming system of which he might take advantage.

Appearing one day at the tables he staked a roll on one of the even chances. He lost. Immediately he bought back his roll from the dealer, explaining that he had an inspiration. That this particular roll would eventually bring him luck. As aberrations of this kind are not uncommon in any gambling resort, no particular notice was taken, and the roll was passed back to him in exchange for two \$100 bills. He staked the roll again, and this time luck was in his favor, and he won. The dealer promptly pushed over \$200.

"I surely you pay whatever is staked?" protested the American. "I have staked the maximum—\$2,000." And to prove his word he tore off the paper cover of the roll, revealing within a brass tube, stuffed with bills. At first sight it would seem that such a flagrant piece of sheer impudence as this would never pass muster, and for some time there was much discussion over it.

But the scamp knew his man. The fetch that whatever is placed on the table (up to the maximum) must be accepted as a stake is so strong at Monte Carlo that the umpire actually ruled in the player's favor, and he received his \$2,000. Rolls still obtain, it is true, but they must now be torn open slightly when put down on the cloth.

Untrue Wheel Yields Big Returns.

Jaggars, the Yorkshireman, who spent months studying

the Monte Carlo roulette wheels with the aim of discovering whether they worked slightly evenly, discovered that one of the wheels had a bias in favor of certain numbers. Starting with a large capital and several assistants, he staked accordingly, and he said to have cleared a net profit of \$400,000 in a comparatively short period. The officials, dismayed at his success, made careful investigations, and finding his secret had the faulty wheel changed to a different table every day. Unaware of this, Jaggars and his men continued to play on their old system and immediately dropped almost the whole of their winnings. Jaggars stopped in time, and, perceiving how he had been outwitted, once again set patiently to work to compile the results of games at every table, and from them discovered at which table his favorite wheel was placed every day. Starting afresh, he once more made immense gains.

The Casino officials now removed Jaggars' wheel altogether, and the Yorkshireman, like the careful Englishman he was, finding his luck departing from him, had the sense to go home and enjoy the fruits of his time and trouble. Now it is quite impossible for anything of the sort to happen. It may here be mentioned that the wheels are not merely changed from table to table every twenty-four hours now, but the small metal divisions between the holes are interchangeable also, so that the chance of irregularity or bias in wheel is reduced to a minimum.

There is another story of Monte Carlo which the writer believes is not generally known or if it is it will bear retelling.

Is Staked to Stage Money and Wins.

A certain well known English sportsman is the hero of a smaller, but not less amusing Monte Carlo comedy. So far from having broken the bank, the bank had temporarily broken him, and in despair he wired home to a friend for a loan. Two days later, a letter arrived, and on tearing it open the first thing which fell out was a \$20 bill.

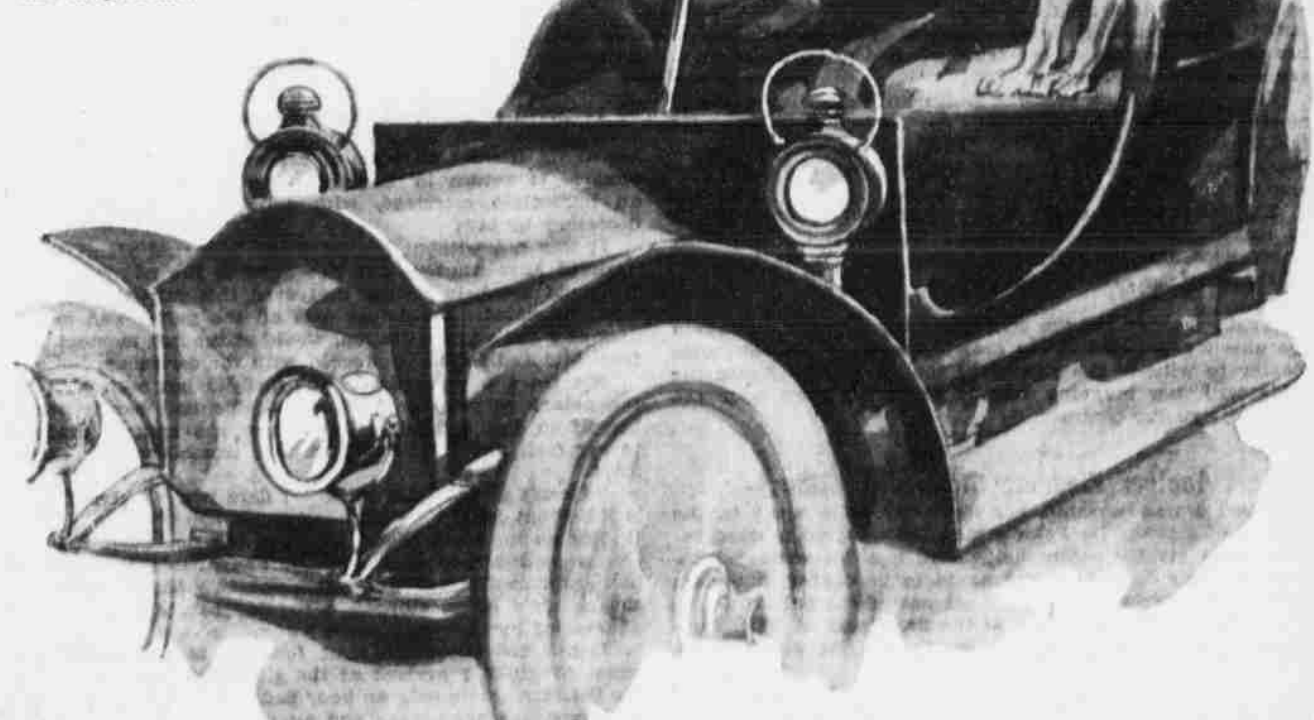
Rejoicing at his friend's generosity, our sportsman, without reading the enclosed letter, took the money to Ciro's, the famous restaurateur's and exchanged it. Immediately afterwards he staked the \$20 on the red, and quickly succeeded with his new found capital in making a large haul at trente-et-quarante.

At last he left the tables with his pockets full of his winnings, and his first care was to celebrate the occasion with a bottle of Ciro's champagne. Ciro met him at the door of his establishment with a face the color of paper and an air of the most profound dejection. The bill was the kind used on the stage. The friend, himself bankrupt, had sorrowfully jested at his would-be borrower's expense. However, Ciro got his money back, of course, and supposing that the whole affair was merely another of the pranks of the "mad Englishmen," he apologized for his doubts and agreed to taste the champagne. Had the course of luck run different the adventure might have ended less amicably.

Have You an Automobile Dog?

CERTAIN dogs are to have another day if the latest faddist can put a collar upon the variety which has the nerve and patience to become "The Automobile Dog," costed, hooded, and goggled, sitting a fearful object beside the automobile enthusiast who is to sit, another fearful object, at the wheel of his tremendous racing machine.

The bull dog, as the automobile dog of the future, is discovered to be impossible, sitting hunched over, the picture of misery and depression under the conditions that are to be imposed. One experimenter has discovered the French poodle to be temperamentally the creature for the post, yet lacking in all the force and character that is to be desired in the animal for the purpose. Grotesqueness is the result, even when the poodle acies his best. The spitz has shown some of the necessary qualifications, but is lacking also in presence.



So far the spotted couch dog has had a few champions for the post of assistant chauffeur and guardian of the machine while the driver is absent. But the colts is looked to finally as the automobile dog of the fashionable world. He has a good coat for northern climes, and while he has a markedly nervous disposition, his companionable disposition toward man and the certainty with which he may be trained are all virtues to be considered. Then he has a figure and presence that will admit of a good deal of absurdity in his automobile dress and yet not leave him after all a ridiculous figure in a front seat. As a watch dog in the absence of his master he can hardly be improved upon.

It seems a certainty that the automobile dog is coming. Need for his watchful care of a machine and the robes and appointments has long been felt. For this reason the bull dog has seemed the best choice, but it is demonstrated that he will not stand for the goggles and the dress and have an atom of his old spirit left. Even the cheerful colts may expect to be tried to the limit by the coachman-like coat and the inevitable goggles. The fox terrier is too excitable and larger dogs are unwieldy, but the automobile dog is coming and the public might as well prepare for the spectacle.